

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Decoration Day, 1881.

BY ELIOT RYDER.

"Bring poppies that I may forget the loss
Of other days," the dreaming poet sings;
"Let shadows veil from sight the dreaded cross
Which still to my life clings."

Not so say we, whose aching hearts still bleed
For those our country's battles lost to us;
Bring fairest flowers, and recall each deed,
Noble and valorous.

Bring fairest flowers! we would not forget!
Let us remember, though the bitter tears
Shall flow, and hearts with longing and regret
Look back o'er the long years.

We owe our valiant dead much more than praise,
Much more than careless thought or idle tear;
Yet we but crown them with their victor's bays
Once in each passing year.

We should do more! we should reflect each day
Upon the sacrifice they freely made
That their land's honor might not pass away
Beneath oppression's shade.

Let us from love of country never swerve!
Remembering those of whom we are bereft,
Let us renew our purpose to preserve
The heritage they left.

Bring flowers! pledge of remembrance and of youth,
And let the beauteous offerings proclaim
Our deep regard of bravery and of truth
And of our hero's fame.

—If a man foolishly does me wrong, I will return him
the protection of my ungrudging love. The more evil
comes from him, the more good shall go from me.—Orien-
tal saying.

Fascinating but Destructive.

BY GEO. E. CLARKE.

Historians unanimously agree that intemperance will inevitably accelerate the downfall of a nation. Moralists and statesmen are convinced of this fact and should do their utmost to guide the ship of State clear of this destructive rock. The First Assyrian empire, beautified and made memorable by the mind of Semiramis, closed its existence through its intemperate monarch Sardanapalos. The handwriting on the wall recalls to us Balthassar and his people drunk within Babylonian walls, when Cyrus entered and declared his mastership. The Persians became intemperate, and were soon made feel the lash of a tyrannical oppressor. Carthage dates her downfall when her soldiers, forgetting their mission on the continent of Europe, retired to the rich city of Capua to recreate themselves, and drown their victories in the pools of intemperance. And that city, whose rise and fall we should study, whose people possessed the true spirit of valor and political enterprise, whose senators were elevated and lofty in sentiment, and whose coffers rang with the tributes of subdued provinces, permitted themselves to doze in the hot-beds of licentiousness until intemperance came upon them and buried them in an everlasting night. And if nations have thus perished, so too have those who go to make a nation. He who sighed for worlds to conquer, while inflamed with the fumes of wine, put to death many of the galaxy of warriors that surrounded him. While intoxicated, he ordered the execution of the soldier who saved his life at the battle of Granicus. Thus did he continue in his mad career until death claimed him at the banquet table. Demetrius, though a hero in war, died in captivity, a slave to intemperance. The father of the unfortunate Charles of England, the originator of that laughable doctrine, "The Divine Right of Kings,"—a man (?) who saw his own mother languish in prison for eighteen years, and perish on the guillotine, without showing any resentment, though he was the sovereign of a people, is another example of intemperance. History bristles with such actors in the drama of life. Our own limited observation convinces us that the facts are too evident for proof.

"America," says Wendell Phillips, "is the refuge of every country. The martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance and superstitious frenzy can here find a home, with no distinction but that which merit may originate. But how long will this last? how long will this continue? The answer is, Just as long as the fathers and mothers, the sons and daughters of this land keep in mind the value of that which is in their possession, the interest that they have at stake. The past is our

guide. It is the light-house that warns us of the barriers and shoals that fill our course. It holds for our gaze nations whose horizons were ablaze with omens of success, but whose people forgot the divine injunction that all are born to labor; who absorbed poisons that enervated their systems, their moral qualities, their society, and, as a sequence, buried their Governments in the general mausoleum of iniquity. But a few years ago, we celebrated our centennial year. Our exhibition was the synopsis of a hundred years' growth. It was the grand stand from which we might view the unprecedented procession of events, and rest ourselves for the march in which we were to join. It was a towering pedestal from which we might survey the beauty beyond, and prepare ourselves for its enjoyment. An epoch in our history, the bright star, around which historians may cluster their constellation of events. Our superiority to other nations, the variety and versatility of our inexhaustible resources, caused us, too, with Webster, to realize the exquisite description of the ornamental border of the buckle of Achilles:

"Now, the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole."

But is this scene soon to vanish? this enjoyment soon to cease? It devolves on those now in control to decide. Will parents be ready to transmit to their successors the trust now in their possession? And will those successors be in readiness for its acceptance? Can we for a moment think that they will betray the trust? Are duty and law to reign supreme, or is that destructive Vesuvius, Intemperance, with its concomitant evils, to burst forth in wild conflagration and undermine and destroy us? Are the bone and sinew of this land, the laboring men, who in our late civil war came boldly to the front in person, and not by proxy, to deposit the fruits of their industries in the caldron of intemperance? Is woman, who holds in her hand the destiny of every individual, to succumb to the evil, and be hurled back into that state of degradation from which religion lifted her? Let us say, God forbid!

That our people possess the depth of mind and the omnipotence of genius is evident. That we have wedded shore to shore by net works of iron; that we have subdued nature, by commanding electricity to speak, cannot be denied; but that many are neglecting to develop and cultivate their power of brain and potency of mind, and are supinely lolling amid the blandishments of pleasure, is obvious. Sometimes we rise in numbers and form under the banner of a mob, or a strike; we cry against the millionaire, while we call ourselves paupers; we decry the rich because we are poor; we paint on transparencies "Capitol versus Labor," when many times the whole cause is intemperance.

View your city when, as the author of the "Night's Thoughts" says, the sable goddess is seated on her ebon throne, you will quickly conclude that our country is being deprived of some of its most vital resources. That great mirror, the Press, which reflects to us the expression of the world, fills its columns with details of crime, while the increase of the same is a subject for its editorials. Parental and filial affection, with genius and talent, are quenched while souls are lost, hearts rent, and homes enshrouded in sorrow. Not always is it the fire of patriotism that makes many enthusiastic on our great holidays. Many love to cherish the memories of the patriot, and strew

with flowers the graves of the honored dead; but more seek to bury their principles in unrestrained indulgence. Are Washington, O'Connell and Emmet honored by the inebriate that surges in our streets? The crusader was worthy of his cross. It was appropriate to his cause. But the stars and bars, the harp and shamrock, become not the drunkard; they belong to freemen; he is a slave,—aye, worse than one; he is like the beast that licks the hand that beats it.

The legal fraternity tell us the requisites of a contract, but we add another in the shape of a drink. The pledge of friendship is not sincere unless immersed in a liquid; and there is a feeling analogous to this prevailing among American women. Friendship causes them to exhibit their happy homes on New-year's day; but they apprehend the absence of sincerity, unless the well-wishes expressed ring with the tip of sparkling wine. Though wide be the portals of those residences, yet the fascinating draught within often bars against the victim the doors to prosperity and happiness.

"The Italian language," says Archbishop Spalding, "is noted for its sweetness; the French for its grace and delicacy; the Spanish for its stern dignity; the German for its force; and ours, the offspring of them all, for its richness. There is not a feeling that can be conceived that the English tongue will not express; there is not a chord in the human breast that it will not vibrate; and there is no tongue that has embodied so many thoughts in such a simple word as ours has in the word, home. Bards have sung its praises, and poets have painted its beauties. It speaks of warm sunshine and of warmer hearts. But would all homes furnish themes for admiration? Does the sun shine as brightly and bewitchingly in all? Our prisons say not; the little beggar at our door says not; the young vagrant, just detected in the act of pilfering, says not; the pale and haggard countenance of the young wife, whose delicate form, poorly clad, passes us in the street, says not. How often is the mother forced to bury her sorrow, to seek solace in the same manner with him, who once promised to love and protect her? And where are the children of this union? Where are those that God committed to those parents' care? Go into the streets, to the houses of crime, to the morgue, to the scaffold, where a victim is about to expiate his offense and you will find them."

That distinguished historian, Henry Hallam, says that Louis the Ninth, of France, was the most eminent pattern of unswerving probity and Christian strictness of conscience that ever held the sceptre in any country. This was owing to the example set him by his mother, Blanche of Castile, a woman who knew her son to be a great ruler, must be a good man,—a woman, of whom even Voltaire says, "human virtue could be carried no further"; who, when death was drawing near, threw aside her queenly robes and putting on serge, breathed her last while lying on a bed of straw. What ennobling examples of manhood and womanhood, full of solemn lessons and applicable to every state in life! France has given birth to these two great personages, and invites the world to imitate them in their actions.

The aim of the conscientious statesman is to preserve the spirit of the laws he obeys and is elected to enforce. He well knows the results of the agrarian laws, and tries hard to keep at bay the terrible effects of plebian and patrician classes. He should recognize no distinction in rank and caste. But the present situation of affairs must indeed give him omin-

ous thoughts for the future. Daily we hear of corporations and monopolies manipulating affairs, while our cities are dotted with houses for the poor. Why this excessive wealth on one side and this extreme penury on the other? Why cleanliness, economy and riches in some abodes and unspeakable degradation in the other? Intemperance, in the majority of cases, is the primary cause.

It has been said, "Life is a journey and man a traveller." But among the many, none are more worthy of attention than those just stepping into the prime of life. Ardent youth, lisping childhood, and honored age we pass by, to address the young man of to-day who will be the man of to-morrow; those who are to doff the trappings of boyhood and put on the stern majesty of manhood. None should more concern us than they, for they are destined to be the pillars and props of the rising generation; to step into our places after our exit and guide our country in her onward course. To each we would say, Build high and wide the barrier between yourself and drink. If you wish to accomplish something worthy of fame; if you look to mercantile notoriety; if you look to mechanical or professional distinction, shun the wine-cup. Intemperance is the mighty volcano that throws out burning lava into gardens of loveliness, blighting and destroying the fairest flowers. A will that says *No* with a vim and a meaning, is an impregnable fortress that resists all force and defies the fiercest charge. Though you be strong in body, manly in form, and educated in mind, you possess not all that is wanted. The times, the day, the hour; your religion, your country, your homes, beg for clear minds, iron wills, strong arms, and ceaseless energy. We want active men, enterprising citizens, busy hands, and happy homes. We want to see the pay adequate to the labor, and the laborer worthy of his hire. We want skilled mechanics, leaders in the commercial world, moral journalists, and competent professional men; in a word, America wants her children aiming to the perfection of manhood, and foremost in the race of life.

Friendship.

BY C. F. RIETZ. (PREP. DEPARTMENT.)

Next to family ties there is nothing that can be compared with friendship. Anyone can easily recognize two friends by the smile with which they greet each other, and by the expression of pleasure which light up their countenances on meeting. Every man ought to have a true friend to whom he may confide his joys and sorrows, and from whom he can receive advice in time of trouble. Among friends, all is peaceful; among enemies, all is strife. Among friends, truth, honor and love; among enemies, falsehood, dishonor and hatred. While a boy is at college, his professors are his best friends. They teach him, instruct him; and if he becomes involved in some difficulty, do they not give him the best of advice?

I might give many interesting historical instances of the solidity of the bonds of true friendship, but I shall confine myself to giving but one instance of fidelity in friendship.

Two friends were invited to a public dinner, given by the Governor of a certain town. The Governor was a haughty man, and was much disposed to show his power. He, in some way insulted one of these friends, and the in-

sulted one drew his sword and was about to cut the Governor down, but his friend prevented him. The Governor ordered the man to be arrested, and incarcerated. The man was tried and condemned to die. The poor fellow had a large family and an aged mother to support, and he wished very much to visit them before he died. He sent for the Governor, and in piteous accents asked permission to be allowed to embrace his loved ones for the last time. The Governor was willing to grant this request on one condition, namely, that the doomed man would procure a hostage as a guaranty for his prompt return in three days. Should he fail to return on the third day at the time specified, the hostage would be required to suffer death. But where to find a person willing to shoulder such a dread responsibility? The doomed man bethought himself of the friend who had been with him at the Governor's dinner, and to him he immediately repaired, and told him of the conditions on which the Governor would grant the much-desired privilege of taking a final adieu of his loved ones. The friend, to the doomed man's inexpressible joy, consented to remain as the hostage. The man then set out for home, which he reached in safety, spending two days with his wife and children. On the eve of the second day, after bidding them an eternal and affectionate adieu, he sorrowfully began to retrace his steps to prison, to certain death. On the road he was captured by bandits, who detained him until late the next afternoon. On being released again, he set out with renewed haste and arrived at the prison just in time to hear the volley fired which ended his friend's life. He had arrived too late! Unable to endure the idea that he had been the cause of his friend's death, he shot himself. Each testified his friendship for the other by the strongest proof—death. All friends will not die for one another, but they will measure their friendship by the extent of each other's pockets, or by the popularity or social position that each occupies. Such abandon one another in time of need or danger. Theirs is a false friendship. Beware of a false friend! A false friend is worse than an open enemy, because if he has ever been on very intimate terms with you, you may rest assured that he will use all the secrets you have told him to his own advantage, and to your injury, if possible. How often we hear of a man being betrayed by his best friend. This is the case in Russia, and many other European countries, at present, and the Nihilists are the whole cause of it. One man in these countries, especially among the nobility, cannot trust his most intimate friend, on account of that secret society. If a person once has a good and true friend, he should be careful that he does not betray any confidence placed in him by that friend.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mark Twain is preparing a "Hand Book of Etiquette."

—Victor Hugo has stock to the value of about \$350,000 in the National bank of Belgium.

—Mr. Augustus Craven, husband of the author of the Charming Sister's Story, is translating into French, at Queen Victoria's express desire, the life of the Prince consort.

—M. Sternberg, the brilliant young Russian pianist, who has been playing during the year in nearly every prominent city of the United States and Canada, sailed for Europe on the 20th inst.

—Prof. Lyons's "Household Library of Catholic Poets"

will soon appear. The "proof" edition of this volume, price five dollars, will contain portraits of Chaucer and John Boyle O'Reilly.

—The Mausoleum of Augustus, in Rome, which during the last nineteen centuries has served successively as the tomb of the Caesars, the fortress of the Colonnas, an arena for Spanish bull-fights, and a third rate open-air theatre, has just entered, under the name of the Amfiteatro Umberto, on a new phase of its perennial existence. By the enterprise of a millionaire, Count Telfener, it has been converted into a sumptuous covered theatre, spanned by a crystal dome, but capable of being utilized either for equestrian or dramatic representations. The amphitheatre, which seats 6,000 persons, was inaugurated with a masked ball.

—I hear a very queer story about Mrs. Butler's (*née* Elizabeth Tompson) picture of the battle of Rorke's Drift, which for a year or more has been anxiously looked for, not having been finished in time for last year's Exhibition. It is said that the lady, having accepted the commission from a print-publisher to paint the picture for £2,500, had arrived at the desired point of handing it over when "a higher authority" stepped in and claimed the picture as his by virtue of his rights, saying, with much satisfaction to himself, that he thought it worth a great deal more, and that he had, in fact, taken upon himself to accept So and So's offer of £3,500 for it. So a very pretty little dispute, I should say, is likely to spring up, unless the whole thing is a ruse to keep the gifted lady's fame up to the boiling point.

—"A young country swain—very fresh—walked into the building a few days ago with a bright blushing damsel by his side. Stepping up to one of our boys he enquired for the art gallery. Being directed thither, he drew his informant off a short distance from the girl and asked, in a hesitating undertone, 'Is that art gallery a good place to take a lady—are there any *statues* there?' "—A very proper question, and one for which the "fresh" country swain deserves credit. When a person goes into an art gallery and sees the collection of nude worthies there, he is almost led to the belief that while they had been taking a swim a thief had stolen their clothes. Art is very well in its place, but it should not be enjoyed at the expense of modesty. A few more such "very fresh" young men is a boon much to be desired.

—Of Lablache, the great basso, with whom Grisi was so constantly associated upon the stage, we are told that one of his boots would have made a small portmanteau, and one could have clad a child in one of his gloves. So great was his strength that as *Leporello* he sometimes carried off under one arm a singer of large stature representing *Massetto*, and in rehearsal would often, for exercise, hold a double bass out at arm's length. The force of his voice was so prodigious that he could make himself heard above any orchestral thunders or chorus, however gigantic. This power was rarely put forth, but at the right time and place it was made to peal out with a resistless volume, and his portentous notes rang through the house like the boom of a great bell. It is said that his wife was sometimes aroused at night by what appeared to be the fire tocsin, only to discover that it was her recumbent husband producing these bell-like sounds in his sleep. The vibratory power of his full voice was so great that it was dangerous for him to sing in a green-house.

—There are now on exhibition at the Press Club in this city fifteen oil-paintings by Mrs. Lakey, mostly cattle and landscape pieces. There is a marked difference, denoting progress between the "Portage Bay—Lake Superior" picture, painted in 1874, and those of last year, after Mrs. Lakey had studied under the famous Van Marck. She now possesses a heavy and accurate touch; knows well how to compose and treat a cattle piece; puts on her colors in broad masses, after her own original method. There are hints of the Munich school in her work, yet she has a style of her own, and produces a pleasing and vigorous work. One of the most pleasing pictures in this collection is called "Under the Chestnut Tree," a group of cattle resting beneath the broad branches of a fine old tree. "Cattle at the Ford" is a large work, showing a number of well-painted cattle at the edge of a small stream, beyond which there is a pleasing landscape. "Flock of Sheep," a

sketch, is a very pleasing work, true to nature, and harmonious in color. Mrs. Lakey displays such evident talent and merit in the direction of landscapes and cattle pieces she should continue her efforts in this direction, and give the public an opportunity to see more of her pictures. Her study of a bull and head of a cow, in this collection are admirable, showing great strength and fine modelling.—*American Art Journal*.

—Lady Blanche Murphy, a prominent Catholic *litterateur*, died March 22, at Conway, N. H., at the early age of thirty-five years. The story of her romantic marriage with a poor young Irish musician, and her subsequent disownment by her father, the Earl of Gainsborough, is well known. The marriage took place in March, 1870. During the same year, the young couple came over to America, and located in New York. Mr. Murphy was not a success at money-making. The supply of musicians was in excess of the demand, and he lacked "push," "cheek," etc.—qualifications very desirable in struggling genius. Then Lady Blanche took to her pen. She was thoroughly educated, had travelled extensively, and seen much of the gay world. The happy experience of her care-free girlhood furnished many a brilliant article. Yet, a fair share of the rebuffs and disappointments that beset the steps of the young aspirant to literary success, awaited her. But she was a brave, persevering little woman, and by-and-by she found more than a barren fame in literature. The *Catholic World*, under Father Hecker's editorial management, was the first to recognize her gifts. Later, she got the *entree* of *Scribner's*, *The Galaxy*, and other regular magazines. She was also a frequent contributor to the *Boston Pilot*. "The Tomb of the Conquistador," in the April *Catholic World*, is from her pen; as is also "The Greek Monasteries of Mt. Athos," which appeared in the May number of the same magazine. In addition to her literary labors, Lady Blanche was for some time previous to her death engaged in teaching, she and her husband both holding positions in the Kearsage Academy, North Conway, N. H. She had no children. Some years after her marriage her father relented, and settled upon her an income of eighty pounds a year; offering to reinstate her in her former proud position, if she would leave her husband. But she was proof against the temptation; remaining always very much in love with the man she married, and contented in the toilsome life that, for his sake, she had chosen.—*Catholic Union*.

Scientific Notes.

—Professor Tyndall has invented a machine by which the crackling of the flames in the sun can be heard. How jolly that will be on the cold winter nights when the wood is all out and there is only half a scuttle of coal left! Why didn't we have it last winter?—*N. Y. Tablet*.

—Varnishing has much to do with the tone of a violin. For instance, a violin must be varnished from fifteen to twenty times, according to style of finish. If this varnishing is properly done, it will be done as follows: One or two coats will be put on, and the violin put away to dry. When this varnish is hard and dry, two or three more coats may be put on, and so on, until the varnish is thick enough. If five, six, or eight coats of varnish are at once put on, it will be easily seen that quite a quantity of this varnish will soak into the wood and become hard when dry, and thereby change the quality of the top or back; that is, one would be of clear, pure wood, while the other would be of wood filled with varnish.

—An arrangement has been devised for propelling fluids through tubes, and also for utilizing the motive force of fluids flowing through tubes. A wheel having diagonal blades is mounted upon a shaft journal in a cylindrical casing, this shaft being supported by a hollow cylinder, which covers the sides of the wheel, leaving only the blades exposed. The inner cylinder has conical ends and is connected with the outer cylinder by hollow arms, through which passes a belt that drives the wheel when the apparatus is used as a fluid propeller. When the machine is used as a motor, the belt receives its power

from the pulley on the wheel shaft. In practice the main casing is connected with the pipes through which the fluid is to be moved, or through which water flows, if used as a motor.

—Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large bridges of the world. A constant succession of sound-waves, especially such as come from the playing of a band, will excite the wires to vibrations. At first the vibrations are very slight, but they will increase as the sound-waves continue to come. The principal reason why bands are not allowed to play when passing certain bridges, the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls for instance, is that if followed by processions of any kind they will keep step with the music, and this regular step would cause the wires to vibrate. At suspension bridges, military companies are not allowed to march across in regular step, but break ranks. The regular trotting gait of a large dog across a suspension bridge is more dangerous to the bridge than a heavily loaded wagon drawn by a team of large horses.—*Ex.*

—The Termkoff process, recently invented, for producing artificial stone, is described in the foreign journals as successfully meeting some of the difficulties hitherto presented in this industry. According to the method in question, a mortar consisting of equal parts of lime and sand is exposed for a few hours to a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees centigrade, in the presence of water vapor. The paste, having been taken out of the furnace, is passed under the cylinders of a machine like that used for the moulding of bricks, and it comes out in the form of cubes which, on being exposed to the air, become dry and hard; in the course of some eight or nine hours the cubes acquire a hardness equal to that of good building stone, and are fit for use. This new stone is, in fact, a sort of brick of mortar baked at a low temperature, and the cost, too, is about the same as that of bricks.

—At a recent meeting of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, of London, a valuable paper was read on the various phenomena exhibited in the fracture of cast iron. In this paper the author described experiments on the peculiar form presented in the fracture of cast iron, indicating its similarity to the fracture of other materials, such as glass and sealing wax. The author further showed by these experiments that the fracture lines are nearly at right angles to the lines of equal stress, as had heretofore been demonstrated. Arguing from this standpoint, the author proved the viscosity of many materials and its connection with heat and regulation, which he has found in many substances, including iron, and showed that the ordinary process of welding iron is due to regulation, and that cast iron cannot be welded in consequence of the presence of carbon in the form of graphite.

—About two o'clock on the morning of the 1st of May, Professor Lewis Swift, director of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, N. Y., turned his telescope to the constellation of Andromeda and discovered a bright comet, moving in a southerly direction. The new comet is located in the constellation above named, right ascension, 0 hours, 0 minutes; declination, 37 degrees North. This is the first comet discovered during the present year, and places Prof. Swift in possession of the \$200 prize which Mr. H. H. Warren, the well-known Safe Kidney and Liver Cure man, offered last January for the discovery of comets. Inasmuch as Prof. Swift received \$500 for the discovery of the comet of 1880, from the same gentleman, he is at last finding astronomy profitable as well as pleasant. It is not thought the present comet is the expected one of 1812, although it is in nearly the location from which that comet is expected; nor is there any reason to believe it will have any effect upon the earth, or hasten the predicted coming of the end of the world.

—It is said that the manufacture of paper pulp and paper from common grass is one of the novelties for which a patent has been obtained. It is claimed that any of the common grasses found in the field, lawn or meadow may be used, and it is said that the green grass pulp produced from them makes a paper of great strength and length of fibre, and possesses tenacity, softness and flexibility; and further, that this paper is even softer and more transparent than that made of linen. One square foot gives in the whole

year 0.9 to 1.0 of a pound of green grass, making from 30,492 to 66,340 pounds to the acre. One pound of green grass makes one-fourth to one-sixth of a pound of fine, bleached and finished paper, or 2,711 pounds of finished paper to the acre. So long as the sap is in circulation and the chlorophyl, silica and other inorganic matters are not dried in, in which event the fibre is seriously impaired for the purpose of paper, either old or young grass may be used, but, to avoid danger, it is best to have the grass cut or mown before it begins to bloom. The first process of manufacture is to pass the grass between the rollers of the press, which crushes or loosens the fibre and squeezes out most of the sap. It is then freed from dirt by being thoroughly agitated or washed by other means in a large tank of water, in temperature either warm or cold. A perforated false bottom in the tank retains the grass and allows the dirt to fall into the compartment below, from which a pipe gives egress to the dirt and wash-water. After sufficient washing the crushed grass is boiled in an open kettle, or a steam kettle with lye, in proportions of a pound of caustic soda, or two-tenths of a pound of caustic potash, or six-tenths of lime to 100 pounds of grass. With an open kettle the boiling is continued from four to five hours; with a steam kettle, two hours will suffice. From the kettle the material goes into a filtering-trough of magnesia for about thirty minutes, then is placed a second time in a solution of carbonate of soda, and, finally, a second time in a solution of sulphuric acid. These operations may be repeated more or less, till the pulp is as fine and white as required, after which it is washed in clear water. Another method is to filter the crushed pulp with water-grass, and bleach it with a solution of chloride of lime or chloride of soda. Still another is to bleach the crude pulp in chlorine gas, and finish with water-grass, after which the pulp is washed with clear water.

What tends to confirm the foregoing is the fact mentioned in the last number of *The Paper World* that the common grass known as *molinia caerulea*, which grows in tufts or mats on the margin of the bogs of Ireland, is admirably adapted for paper-making purposes, and is worth \$15 a ton. Ireland contains upwards of 1,000,000 acres of flat bog, all of which could be utilized in growing this grass.

Exchanges.

—We regret the publication of the note on the *Amherst Student* in last week's SCHOLASTIC. It was written three weeks previously, and had been crowded out; meantime a change having taken place in the editorial board of the *Student*, the matter of the note was not pertinent.

—The Harp (Montreal—John Gillies, editor and publisher) is an excellent one-dollar monthly. "The Orphans; or, The Heir of Longworth," the serial story, is one of the most entertaining bits of light reading we have seen for some time. Lawrence Longworth, the editor of the Baymouth *Eagle*, is one of those unique characters that either in real life (and they are sometimes to be found there—but rarely) or in fiction is very attractive; Miss Harriett is "Larry's" counterpart on the feminine side, and "Baby" Dexter, Longworth's nephew, is quite like a great many young men who, after going through college, step out into the world with a fortune at their back, and a very slim stock of worldly wisdom laid by; Marie and Reine are noble, but strange, characters. The author succeeds so well in mixing and changing his colors that one is at a loss to know how it will all end—but as far as we are concerned, we don't much care; the sprightly style of the dialogue is what pleases us most.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* is departing from the eclectic and taking a more original form, but with a wide field for selection the original articles in the June number are far better than the selected ones. The following are the principal articles of the June number: I, The Church and the Fifth Estate, by Rev. Henry A. Brann D. D.; II, Charlemagne, by William Dennehy; III, Outlines of Geology, etc.—Anonymous; IV, Miss Safford's Bow and its Two Strings, by Magdalen Murray; V, What Two Methodist Ministers Have to Say about the Land League; VI, The

Lords and St. Patrick's Day: VII, Non-Observance of Religious Festivals; VIII, In the Service of France, Chapter xxv; IX, What has been Accomplished, A. M. Sullivan, M. P.; X, The Irish Land Question Justin McCarthy in *North American Review*; XI, John Mitchel: A Sketch, by W. J. Onahan—Part III; XII, The Irish Bar—Chapter xiv; Our Young Folks—Useful Knowledge—The Humorist—Editor's Table, etc. Boston: T. B. Noonan & Co. \$2 a year.

—The *College Message* for May contains a variety of excellent matter, and if the printer would only put on a little more impression and bring the print out clearly the *Message* would not suffer in comparison with the best of our college exchanges. But, among some real "Golden Gems" clipped from the writings of various authors, we find the following spurious one from Tupper, the redoubtable Tupper:

"Thou hast seen many sorrows, travel-stained pilgrim of the world,
But that which hath vexed thee most hath been the looking
for evil;
And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been
heaped on thy head,
Yet ills that never happened have chiefly made thee
wretched."

We wonder what manner of thing this tupperian specimen is, anyway? Is it poetry, or prose, or something between and neither the one nor the other?

—The *University Press* possesses what is rare in college editorial boards, an excellent book reviewer. An editorial in the last number of the *Press* rakes the marking system fore and aft, and shows many of its weak points in the way in which it is generally used, or rather abused. We endorse the sentiments of the following editorial:

"The Senior class at Madison University are urging the substitution of an address by some prominent speaker for the usual commencement orations. The idea is a new one, but hardly to be commended. Though the audience would, doubtless, be better entertained, the college commencement would be robbed of its dignity and brought down to the level of a district school examination."—*New York Independent*.

The writer of the above note has made a slip as to the name of the college alluded to, and we strongly suspect that this is not his only error. That 'the idea is a new one' is partially true; whether or not it is 'hardly to be commended' is an openquestion; that 'the audience would be better entertained' is certain; but that 'the college commencement would be robbed of dignity and brought down to the level of a district school examination' is, to say the least, a startling deviation from the view of the reformers. We are at a loss to see why the new plan lacks dignity, or what dignity the old scheme possesses that is not borrowed from its age and associations; or what is more nearly on a level with the district school than the custom of closing the term with a grand exhibition of immature schoolboy compositions.

—The *Princetonian* has some good things among its contributions. From an article of "Z. Z.'s," published a few week's ago, we take the following clipping:

"There is another, though, a many-headed monster, who is known as the 'sponge.' And no veritable sponge from the briny deep is a better absorbent than he. Gall? Cheek? These are his stock in trade. He would make no bones of borrowing your head, if it were possible to lend it. As it is, he borrows your notes, your examples, your translations, your time and your patience. He also borrows your books and forgets to return them; and if they happen to be from the library, he forgets that perhaps there's a fine to pay. He makes free with your cigarettes, and forgets to set up himself. To sit next to this animal in class is, I think, the depth of human misery, especially if you happen yourself to be of a studious turn. And then, he has a cousin—another sponge, same genus, same species, but different variety. This one evidently loses sight of the fact, for the greater part of the day, that he has a room of his own. Consequently, he spends most of his time in yours. It is a merciful providence that the variety is not more plentiful than it is, for if so the present humble writer would now be in his grave. This blight never seems to think that when he has not anything to do, you perhaps have. He never imagines that his company may possibly not be as agreeable to everyone else as it is to himself. So he kindly drops in to see you a few moments before each recitation, stops a few seconds on his way back, calls for you on the way to dinner, spends every other afternoon with you, etc., until this world is little better to you than a howling wilderness."

—The exchange editor of *The Concordiensis*, Union College, N. Y., seems surprised that we should have any base-

ball games here on Sunday. From the tone of his remarks one would be led to suppose that he considered it a desecration of the Lord's day, but from the fact that he is a college man, well advanced in his studies,—none of the lower classmen get upon the editorial boards of college papers—one would suppose that he should know better. There is evidently something lacking in the educational course at Union. If a college graduate cannot tell the difference between innocent amusement and the servile work that profanes the sanctity of the Sunday, he should go back to school again, and to a school that does not neglect such important matters. We are aware that some non-Catholics urge the plea that the severity of our Church caused a revulsion of feeling in the minds of the masses, and that from its caste-iron rigidity they went to the opposite extreme of laxity. This is a great mistake. Our God—the God of Catholics—is not the tyrannical master that the New England Blue-laws would make Him, but a kind and loving Father, who will not be displeased at the innocent amusements (in their proper time, be it well remembered,) of His children. We attend service twice, some of us three times a day on Sunday, and if we choose to play a game of baseball in the afternoon, for amusement and recreation, we know that that is no infraction of the sanctity of the Sunday. The tone of our contemporary's remarks, shows where the unendurable caste-iron is, that leads, and has led, to a rejection of all restraint, and we advise him to make a note of it.

—The *Vidette*, purporting to be published at the Iowa State University, Iowa, has changed hands, and comes out in a new dress; but we fail to see the improvement of which the new publisher speaks. That antiquated old humbug, and apostate Barnabite Friar, Gavazzi, has lately been enlightening the Iowa folk, and *The Vidette* is loud and enthusiastic in his praise. The following is a characteristic bugle-note:

"Gavazzi stands as the exponent of that policy of progress and liberalism in government and religion, which has raised Italy from the ruin and degradation, into which the tyranny of priests and nobles had plunged her, to be a free and united nation. An independent parliament now legislates for a free people, and tolerance in religion, without which freedom is a mockery and progress impossible, now exists in the very capital whence, a short time ago, went forth the edicts of Catholicism against dissenters. For all this Italy is greatly indebted to three men, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Gavazzi."

The editor of the *Vidette* evidently knows as little of the present condition of Italy when he says, "an independent parliament now legislates for a free [?] people, as he does of the "edicts of Catholicism against dissenters. We don't wish to enter into a controversy with the *Vidette* and so content ourselves with giving the following brief description of one of its heroes, from the *Mobile Register*, which just happened to fall under our eye:

"Garibaldi's declaration that assassination is the secret whereby the ultimate triumph of the revolution is to be secured, and that the assassins are the true precursors of the reign of the future social Republic, has been hailed with delight by the Communists of the continent. We trust that the world will now see clearly what a crazy fanatic Garibaldi is. [Italics ours.—Ed. SCHOLASTIC.] True liberty will never be gained by his methods—license and anarchy may be."

—To anyone who has seen the table of contents of the June number of *The Catholic World* it were needless to say, perhaps, that the Rev. I. T. Hecker's article, on "The True and False Friends of Reason," will be at least to persons of liberal education—the most likely to excite curiosity beforehand, as it will undoubtedly retain interest when read; Mr. Thompson's sketch, "Il Santo," is such a beautiful pen-picture of Padua and its most notable personage and places that it will be read with equal interest. Mr. Thompson is a very fine word-painter, and he excels also in the creation of designs in which to use his words to the best advantage. We have seen nothing to equal his sketches in *Scribner* or *Harper's Magazine*, and these magazines spare neither pains nor expense to secure the best talent in this line. To students of Notre Dame it will be gratifying to notice the name of one of their number—Walter F. Elliott, of '58—in the list of contributors for this month. We can assure them they will be none the less pleased when they have read his article. The following is the table of contents of the June number of *The Catholic World*: I, The True and the False Friends of Reason, by

Rev. I. T. Hecker; II, Il Santo, by M. P. Thompson; III, Charity Children Going to Mass, by Thos. A. Janvier; IV, Rachel's Fate, by William Seton; V, National Unity, by the Count de Falloux; VI, The Life of Christ—IV—(Concluded)—Rev. A. F. Hewit; VII, The Children of Lir—Part II—Concluded)—Aubrey de Vere; VIII, Medieval Female Education in Germany, by the late Lady Blanche Murphy; IX, My Treasures, by Thomas L. Kirby; X, A Woman of Culture—Chaps. xxi, xxii—by John Talbot Smith; XI, The Irish College at Paris, by R. F. Farrell; XII, Revelations of Divine Love—Chapter iv—by Rev. Alfred Young; XIII, Bishop Seymour's Reason Why—Rev. Walter Elliott; XIV, Spring, by James Pech, Mus. Doc., Oxon; XV, New Publications.

College Gossip.

—The *Athenaeum* announces that a new paper is about to be started at Williams.

—A gentleman has given \$100,000 to build a new hall for the Law School at the University of Pennsylvania

—Harvard is said to have over 14,000 graduates, and Yale has granted 11,939 degrees, exclusive of 923 honorary ones.”—*Ex.*

—Wellesley Female College has 375 students. Each student is required to perform housework for one hour daily.—*Amherst Student*.

—An item is still going the rounds of the college press, stating that Cambridge University (England) has dropped Greek from the list of required studies. Such is not the case.

—First student at one of our principal boarding clubs—“Say! are these biscuits fresh?” Second student—“No! those are Sophomore biscuits. They were Fresh last year.”—*Williams Athenaeum*.

—M. Alfred De Seve, violinist, has several engagements in Canada.—*Scholastic*. Why should he not? Is he not a Canadian himself, and violinist to Her Royal Highness.—*Queen's College Journal*.

—A good example shown by a city: The new buildings of Queen's College, Kingston, Ont., were opened a short time since. The citizens of Kingston subscribed \$44,000 to the new college.—*Dalhousie Gazette*.

—Mr. Gordon of Toronto, the architect of the Arts' building at Queen's College, has been awarded the first prize of \$2,000 for the best design for the new Parliament Buildings to be erected for the Provincial Government at Toronto.

—A more imposing spectacle can scarcely be imagined than that of a young lady elevated upon a pile of tables and chairs, declaiming with wild gesticulations upon the subject of temperance; unless it be the same young lady precipitately descending from her exalted position as the step of the Prof. is heard.—*Portfolio*.

—From the Reports of the President and Recording Secretary of St. Mark's Academy, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo., we learn that 34 Essays, Lectures or Reviews, 10 Recitations and 10 Readings were presented before that body during the year—being an increase of ten Essays over the preceding year. The President, Mr. Walter J. Blakely, says he hopes that this first report will be the means of inaugurating a correspondence with other Academies and literary bodies, having for an object not only a mutual expression of views, but a mutual interchange of such pamphlets, papers and other documents, as the Academy may judge proper to publish, thus leading to a literature of St. Mark's Academy. The catalogue contains a complete list of the Essays.

—Princeton University has a class of phonography—Lindsley's tachygraphy being the system adopted. The Sacred Heart College, Watertown, has an excellent teacher of Munson's system. At St. Mary's Academy, or female college, at Notre Dame, Benn Pitman's system is taught, and at the University here the Isaac Pitman system (inverted vowels) has been taken up by a few of the members of the Law Class. We learn from *The American*

Short-hand Writer, the organ of the Isaac Pitman system in the United States, that some of the Amherst students write the latter system. A class of phonography has lately been started at the University of Michigan, but we have not learned what system has been adopted. Perhaps *The Chronicle* or *The University* will tell us what it is.

—The fire-fiend occasionally puts in an appearance in the neighborhood of one or another of the colleges. The Williams men were recently startled by the cry of fire at the female seminary at the west end of the town, and the *Athenaeum* thus discourses upon it:

“The recent fire at the west end of the town prompts us to make the usual appropriate remarks about the lack of protection we have against this kind of accident. We are supplied with an abundance of water from Cold Spring, and a few dollars laid out in buckets, or even on a small hand-engine, together with a few more expended in means for opening the hydrants, would furnish us with ample protection against fire. Yet nothing is done about this matter. What seems to be really wanted is an extensive conflagration, with a loss of property sufficient to turn the thoughts of the townspeople to the proverb, ‘prevention is better than cure.’ The fact that the buildings in this vicinity are almost all of wood, increases the probability of such a disaster. There is something ludicrous, and at the same time provoking, for a crowd to collect around a building and calmly watch it burn to the ground, when, by the aid of a couple of dozen buckets and a hydrant, *that will open*, the flames might be extinguished in five minutes. The house that was burnt down last week was not of much value, but the money lost by its destruction considerably exceeds the cost of those buckets.”

—Like many other movements that spring up in college, the Harvard Legislature is dying out and will soon, probably, be numbered among the things that were. The *Echo* informs us that although the first few meetings were well attended, and the bills introduced were on interesting subjects, the attendance gradually dwindled down until a quorum could not be had.

—John B. Gough, in the course of his lecturing life has found himself in some tight places; but his wit never failed to bring him out safely. An amusing story is told of him when he went to Oxford, England, to address the students on temperance. The students sent word to Mr. Gough that they “would not have temperance,” and advised him not to persist in lecturing, but he went to the hall. For twenty minutes he spoke in pantomime, amid the deafening cat-calls of the boys. Finally, he stepped forward, demanded British fair play, and offered to whip every one of the five hundred students singly. This offer was loudly cheered, and promptly accepted, and a big six-foot athlete was sent up on the stage. Gough, who is a little man, backed off as the big fellow approached him, and explained—“My friends, you evidently misunderstand me. This is to be an intellectual contest, not a prize-fight.” The students cheered again at this evidence of American shrewdness, and ordered the debate to proceed. The college man was, therefore, obliged to discuss with the temperance champion. He was at a disadvantage, but he quoted Scripture, and reminded the plucky lecturer that it was one of the Apostles who wrote to Timothy—a young man, too, like themselves—to take a little wine for the stomach's sake, and for his other infirmities. The lads shouted vociferously at this. Gough slowly examined the six-footer from top to toe, and then said: “My friends, look at this athlete, this fellow, with muscles like steel, who can wield the club of Hercules, who can bend an English yeoman's bow, who could knock down an ox with the blow of a hammer. He is the personification of health and strength, but he thinks he needs a little wine for his stomach's sake!” Gough's inimitable manner of saying this had a tremendous effect. The students fairly yelled with delight, and their defeated champion retreated. Another was sent up. He was the intellectual giant of his class, in contradistinction to the six-footer. He, with much self-confidence, made a finished argument for liquor-drinking, based on Christ's changing the water into wine at the wedding-feast. His comrades cheered him to the echo, and thought his argument unanswerable, and Gough was chaffed for his defeat. “Young men,” said he, solemnly, “I admit that your champion has foisted me. He has said to me just what I came here to charge you to do—Drink all the wine you can find that is made entirely out of water.”

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, May 28, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Reform in spelling is a subject that has been much commented upon in college papers—some being in favor of it, but the majority against it. A writer in *The Earlhamite* lately entered a strong protest against it; Mr. Norfleet favored it in the SCHOLASTIC. As for ourselves, we know that a great need of reform in this respect exists—no partial reform, but a thorough reform. We have avoided referring to it from the fact that we knew it was useless. We need a reform, but the public mind has not been prepared to accept it, and reformers only make themselves ridiculous to a greater or less extent in attempting to carry it out. Custom is strong, and the prejudice in favor of a method of spelling used by Shakspeare, Macaulay, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Longfellow are very strongly rooted in the very hearts of the people. Still, the English language is so fearfully encumbered with a useless trash of superfluous letters that it is the work of a lifetime to be able to master the rudimentary formulas of understanding, spelling, and pronouncing all the words properly. The partial reform—if reform it can be called—introduced in the course of the current century amounts to little or nothing, and the additional ones lately proposed have been taken up by only half a dozen newspapers out of several thousands. The fact that we have succeeded in dropping only one superfluous letter—*u* in “favor,” “honor,” and similar words—as the result of the efforts of more than half a century, argues poor success for the work of reform in the near future. And still England hangs on to the superfluous *u* as tenaciously and jealously as it did to the Old-Style Calendar in opposition to that of Pope Gregory. A poor outlook, we say again. Something is wanting to push the work forward, which we will mention presently.

To show some of the extravagances of which our present

orthography furnishes innumerable examples—extravagances which come nearer being the rule than the exception—a newspaper paragrapher says: We ought to spell the word *potato*, “Ghoughphtheighteau,” according to the following rule: *Gh* stand for *p*, as in the last syllable of hic-cough; *ough* for *o*, as in dough; *phth* for *t*, as in phthisic; *eigh* for *a*, as in neighbor; and *eau* for *o*, as in beau. The following lines present a similarly ridiculous feature:

There was a brave soldier, a colonel,
Who swore in a way most infolonal;
But he never once thought,
As a Christian man ought,
He imperilled his life etolonal.

—*Steubenville Herald.*

'Twas the fault of his parent patolnel,
That during his youth, bright and volonel,
This colonel, so fair,
Had learned so to swear,
And saddened his parent patolnel.

—*Rockford Courier.*

The foregoing examples are not exaggerated in the least; they are fair samples of English orthography as it stands, in this enlightened nineteenth century, in the masterpieces of English literature. Who, after giving the subject any thought, will be so unreasonable as to say that our present method of spelling does not need a radical change in many respects? No matter where the words in our language came from originally—whether from the Greek, Latin, Teutonic or Celtic tongues—they should be made to conform to such simple phonetic rules as will make them easily spelt and understood; otherwise it will be the work of a lifetime to master the language. In fact, it is such now. Chaucer took the rude elements of the English tongue and fashioned them to suit himself, forming from them what was considered in his day a great improvement; but our English of to-day is as far superior to Chaucer's as Chaucer's was to that of his forefathers, and yet it is not what it should be. Why not make further improvements? Scientific knowledge and the mechanic arts are constantly improving; photography and chromolithography have taken the place of the tedious brush; we have gone from the dim light of the rush and the tallow candle on through various grades to the beautifully clear flame from the kerosene lamp and gas-burner, on to the electric light; the mower and reaper have displaced the sickle and the scythe; the old buckskin balls and hand printing-press, turning off with great manual labor 250 printed sheets an hour, have been replaced by improved machines that turn out with ease from 12,000 to 25,000 sheets an hour; in everything else we see signs of progress except in our cumbrous spelling. Efforts have been made by a few—presidents of universities, eminent scholars and philologists among the number—but for want of co-operation they have proved ineffectual. The great majority keep aloof, and will not touch the spelling reform. If you ask any of them why he does so, he will probably tell you that the present method of spelling, imperfect as it is, has become endeared by its association with the great writers that have made our language illustrious. It seems to be of no moment that children for generations to come must endure the head-splitting process of memorizing rules with any number of exceptions, and spend ten years learning their mother-tongue when they could have acquired it in two; no matter if scholars, after a lifetime of study, make blunders in trying to put *ough*, *phth*, *ght*, hard *g* and soft *g*, *ch*, *sh*, and *k*, *au* and *ua* in their proper

places, scholars can't think of changing the spelling to which they have become attached by usage. As Mr Browne humorously has it in his excellent *Phonographic Monthly*, "It meighkes—I mean *makes*, meigh—I mean *my braign*—I mean *brain*, dusy—I mean *dizzy*, to phthynch—I mean *think*, oughph—I mean *oav*—no, no!—I mean of eiphth I mesne—I mean—O dear, dear!—I ceagn't speagl en scoutch eigh cymple wey aze foonaatiques thietchais." This may seem a bit of extravagance, but it is nothing worse than what polite people are guilty of every day, as, for example, in the spelling of the words "neighbor," "deign," "height," "busy," etc. The *Phonographic Monthly* very properly comments upon this outlandish spelling as follows:

"These written words shud be, as nearly as possible, the sign of the correctly spoken word. There shud not be two, three, four, five and more separate, distinct signs for one sound, and two, three, and four signs all crowded into one word to represent but one sound. If we verbally express any idea respecting quantity or amounts, like 320 bushels of grain sold for \$535, we want the *written* expression to be capable of representing, without the least possibility of uncertainty, the *spoken* expression. The one must be the unvarying sign of the other. This agreement must exist, or we cud not giv statements in figures, of dollars and cents, nor be sure of understanding correctly anything we saw printed or written in Arabic figures. A *positively reliable* system of arithmetical, and also musical notation, we do possess, and we can also just as easily possess a reliable method of expressing the pronunciation of words, after we hav learned the scale of values or sounds. . . . We hay herd intelligent, refined people in this great city [New York] pronounce the words *gew-gaw jew jaw*, gibberish *jibberish*, *gimbals*, *jimbals*, *gherkin*, *jerkin*, etc. And then, reversing, hav herd the same people pronounce with the hard *g* as in *ings*, the words *georgic*, *gibbet*, *giblets*, *ginsing*, *giraffe*, *gyrate* and *gyrations*, all of which words shud be spelt with a *j*. There are finely-educated people who never were, and never will be, able to remember whether to say *gibber* or *jibber*, *gibbet* or *jibbet*, *georgic* or *jeorjic*, *gorget* or *gorjet*, *gyrate* or *jyrate*, *apagogical* or *apagojical*, *paragoge* or *paragoje*, *chiropodists* or *kiropodists* or *shiropodists*, *machinations* or *makinations* or *mashinations*, because they do not happen to possess the peculiar memorizing faculty for this kind of illojical, arbitrary spelling. The above mispronunciations (to say nothing of thousands of others made by the same class) were all herd from people in the literary and 'gown' professions, and graduates from our best colleges Teachers in our schools hav to keep Webster right at their elbows by day, in their laps at home, and under their heads at night, to help them out of both orthoepic and orthographic embarrassments. . . . No such truble cud hay come with a full fonetic alfabet. With only 23 letters for 46 elements, how cud spelling be perfect? Unreasonably spelt words are naturally mispronounced, not only by the ignorant but by the educated. We think that such spelling as *phelegm*, *phthisic*, *phthisis*, *couch*, *apophterm*, *tongue*, *bomb*, *plague*, *ague*, *fatigue*, *Montague*, *sew* (so), *sewer* (so-er), and *spinach*, is unmistakable evidence of, not only phonetic decay, 'but of fonetic death, or else fonetics wasn't born when the spelling of these words was invented.'

Mr. Browne asks: "If the fonetik spelling given in parentheses in our dictionaries were taken away, where would our pronunciation be?" Well, in a little while we would have a queer jargon of words; in fact, it is bad enough as it is, with "*neether* and *nyther*, *eether* and *zither*, *leezhur* and *layzhur*, *vases* and *vazes*, *quynine* and *quin-nine*, *quineen* and *kinneen*, *diphtheria* and *diftheria*, *ration* and *rashun*, *patent* and *pattent*," etc. The *American Short-hand Writer* for May, copies an article from *Wide Awake*, in which the following dialogue between teacher and pupil is given as a sample of the difficulties which children meet in learning to spell their *mother-tongue*:

Teacher.—"Spell One."
Little Boy.—"O-n-e."
T.—"Wonder."
L. B.—"O-n-e-d-e-r, wonder"
T.—Wrong. Try "Two."
L. B.—"T-w-o, two."
T.—"Do."
L. B.—"D-w-o, do."
T.—Another miss. "Laugh."

L. B.—(proudly) "La-a-u-g-h, laugh."
T.—"Calf."
L. B.—"C-a-u-g-h, calf."
T.—Wrong again. "Enough."
L. B.—"E-n o-u-g-h, enough."
T.—"Stuff."
L. B.—"S-t-o-u-g-h, stuff."
T.—You may go to your seat and lose your recess.

Authors who have grown gray in the service, and printers who have spent the greater part of their lives at the case, must have a dictionary at their elbow for reference in order to spell words that are in daily use. This is truly a poor state of affairs, and one, too, which might easily be remedied. F. A. Murch, LL. D., President of Lafayette College, Pa., contributes an article on the spelling reform to *Good Literature*, but the reform he proposes is not nearly advanced enough, as instanced in his own spelling of the word "could" with only the *l* elided, thus "cou'd," which is not "cud" but "cowed," or at least as much this as the other. We need a thorough reform; not so thorough at first, perhaps, as Isaac Pitman's phonetic alphabet of 36 types and 41 letters, but a semi-phonotypic alphabet, with words spelt exactly as they are spoken. The Presidents of Oxford, Cambridge (England), Harvard, Yale and Lafayette, and such eminent men as Max Müller, Murray, Gladstone, Sir Charles Reed, Dr. Angus, Weisse, and others, have long been in favor of reform, but *nothing* has yet been done. The press should take up the subject and push the reform with a unanimous accord; a convention of school-book publishers, teachers, college presidents, or their representatives, etc., should meet for decisive action. By all means let us have English spelt as it is pronounced. This conglomeration of Latin, Greek, Anglo-Saxon, French, Icelandic, Irish, etc., etc., has been carried too long; it is a burden to everybody, and to school-children in particular. Let us have a reform and a thorough one: half measures are too slow and unsatisfactory.

—Of the benefits of college journalism there can be no question. Whether a person wishes to become a professional journalist or not, the cultivation of his talent for composition cannot but be beneficial, and for this cultivation the college paper or magazine offers undoubted facilities. The way to learn to do a thing well is to set about it at once; mere wishes or idealizing amounts to nothing. It is amusing to notice the peculiar notions entertained by some college writers who think their idea of perfection in anything should be the standard, and that all but themselves are wrong, or a little off the track. Whether in essays, editorial matter, or exchange notes, these writers continually aim at reforming others, never once thinking that their own notions need reformation. As a rule, such persons have but little to show in the way of genius or solid work. There is an unmistakable trait of juvenility about their work. The more experienced, while they see the drawbacks in the works of other, know that their own is anything but perfect, and they keep their mouths discreetly shut and aim at perfecting their own work. College criticism, or the Exchange department, has perhaps more than any other been a fruitful theme for the reforming pen of juvenile writers and critics. The exchange editors, being the critics or reviewers of the college press, should bear in mind that they themselves should be as far from criticism as possible. Many of them forget this, but the contemptuous indifference with which their reforming lucubrations are received will teach them a lesson they

could not otherwise learn. Hence one great benefit derived from connection with a college paper. Sometimes, and but rarely, more mature suggestions are offered. The latest of these, and which are well worthy of consideration, come from "Ephraim," the talented reviewer of *The Williams Atheneum*. In his valedictory, in the May number, he says:

"Before he lays down his pen, Ephraim would address a word of counsel to his brethren of the exchange department. He feels it a duty and a pleasure to give to the many who have recently assumed the traditional scissors a few of the results of his year's experience. It has become his firm conviction that the exchange column in the majority of our college papers does not receive that attention which it merits. He would urge his friends, one and all, to insist on a liberal allowance of space, and then see that it is filled with interesting and profitable matter. The failure of the Inter-collegiate Press Association makes it highly desirable that some medium of friendly communication and discussion among editors be found. The exchange column is perfectly adapted to meet this want. In it can be discussed all matters of inter-collegiate interest. By the use of a quasi-conversational style, editors widely distant can become well acquainted with one another, practice in criticism can be gained, and the best things of one's contemporaries can be presented to one's own constituency. Surely the exchange column should be one of the most important and best edited departments of a college paper. Ephraim hopes in the new year to see it enlivened, enlarged, and raised to the standard it truly deserves to reach. He is certain that the result will be a more cordial and friendly feeling among college journals, and greater pleasure and profit to those who wield the pen. The plan of making extracts from other college papers has been thoroughly tried by him during the past year, and he can recommend it as eminently satisfactory."

"Ephraim" is a brick. (Now don't accuse us of slang in the use of the word "brick.") It is classical, coming from ancient Greece (no allusion to boarding-house butter); when Agesilaus was asked by a foreign prince, visiting Sparta, where his city walls were, as he could see none, Agesilaus took him into an assembly of the people and said: "Here are our walls: every man a brick." Well, Ephraim is a "brick." At least, we think so.) His ideas on the subject are ours. We have given abundant room to the exchange department of the SCHOLASTIC, and were it not for the gross assaults made upon some of our cherished principles—grave charges that no man could brook—leading to lengthy discussions, our Exchange department would have been more interesting to the general reader. As it is, it has been read,—and, we hope, with profit, if not with pleasure. After all, such discussions lead to a better understanding and a more tolerant principle. Intercourse begets sympathy, even while bringing error to light, and pity for the erring takes the place of fanatical rancor. And many of the traits of old fanatical intolerance still remain. *The Haverfordian* explains this well in an article on "Modern Intolerance"; so also does our esteemed Boston contemporary, *The Beacon*. *The Haverfordian* says (we give only a short extract from its long and ably-written article):

"While the modern mind is flattering itself that it is enjoying the fruits of those mediaeval struggles toward freedom of thought and conscience, there may be found to-day in all important questions, civil, political and religious, a dogmatic assertion of principles and a hostility to opposing views which future generations will doubtless look on with as much surprise as we experience in considering the intolerance of our forefathers. If freedom from prejudice between man and man is to be a feature of the millennium, that happy day is certainly far off yet. Not until we become more liberal in our views, and allow to others the widest latitude of opinion, can the world delight in the full fruition of unselfish thought. Since it is natural for any one to give pre-eminence to his own notions, many are led thereby to impeach the sincerity or the character of those who, by reason of a different education, have adopted views discordant with their own. This fault is largely due to early education; and that tendency in the teaching of the

young, both in the public schools and in the family, which goes to unduly prejudice the child's mind against whatever happens to conflict with the accidental opinions and religious notions of parent or teacher, is to be most highly deprecated. 'The child is father to the man' gives a good account of the narrowness of many who call themselves scholars; and though they are not to be blamed for the bias imparted to their minds by their instructors, yet are living testimonies to the fact that, on many questions, it is better not to give a child definite views at all, than by doing so to render him incapable of seeing but one side of those questions in after-life. That there are many such persons is too obvious to need proof. That the same processes of instruction to which they are victims are going on now in thousands of schools and families, to the detriment of liberal education, is a fact which cannot be too strongly realized and regretted. . . . Between the two great divisions of the church—Protestant and Catholic—there is, apparently, such a wide gulf, that many, on both sides, are so prejudiced as to be almost unwilling to recognize any good that may be found in methods and beliefs so discordant with their own. That there is 'good in everything,' they are slow to believe applicable to religious matters. But since no one can, with reason, either limit the possession of truth to one division of the church, or deny it to any, what benefit results from allowing differences, or even the grossly wrong practices of any sect, to prevent the co-operation of the good qualities common to them all? Why may not a Catholic and a Friend, or any other Protestant, work together in the cause of truth? Is there any essential reason why they may not, leaving differences in the background, join hands across the chasm which separates them, recognize that they have a common God, a common Christ, and that, without either sanctioning the errors of the other, they may, in many points, consistently give their mutual support to a common cause? Suppose Catholicism to be full of the worst abuses and errors, would such a course sanction or strengthen those evils? By no means. Even if reform is our object, it is not only more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, but more philosophical, in meeting an opponent, to thus recognize the truth which he already holds, and, by placing before him that which is higher and purer, to lead, not drive, him from his error. The practice in which each side indulges of censuring the failings of the other, instead of praising its merits, serves only to aggravate misunderstandings and jealousies, and to strengthen each in its notions of self-superiority. The opposite course, which would seek for points of agreement, join truth with truth, and allow differences to take care of themselves, would clear away the thick mists which hang about the dreadful intervening chasm, and show it to be far less wide than the obscurity through which the two denominations are accustomed to view each other has led them to suppose."

The above article is evidently written by a man possessing true Christian principles and we cordially endorse the sentiments it expresses. *The Beacon*, from Boston University, under Methodist control, publishes in its Theological Department an able article on "Ministerial Bigotry" which we reproduce entire:

"We hear much about religious bigotry. It is said that there is no class of men who are so self-opinioned as ministers. The extent to which this idea prevails renders it fitting that every young man who is to preach should consider whether this charge is true, and whether there is anything in the nature of the Christian teacher's work which tends to narrowness of mind and extreme confidence of assertion. Certainly we know that various phases of the history of Christian thought afford ground for the charge, and that even to-day the rampant outbursts which frequently find a place in our Church periodicals betoken anything but a spirit of fairness.

"It is true that the man who regards only one field of thought seldom has eyes which can see anything particularly attractive in another. He who centres his mind upon a particular study must to a certain extent find in it his world. Hence the preacher who confines himself to a narrow range of research will be likely to feel but little respect for knowledge which is not particularly religious, especially as he believes that he possesses in his own department ultimate truth. It is plain that the conditions are such that a minister who spends most of his time in lazy study and pastoral visiting, and whose sermons all center around a few thoughts which some way apply to every subject, must have his mental vision so fettered that we can expect very little liberality from him. But the man who looks upon all valid thought as God's truth, who sees in science as well as in revelation the mind of the Master, who can survey understandingly the great world of knowledge, will certainly never manifest narrowness or bigotry. The truths with

which the preacher deals are so vast and far-reaching when conceived in their full magnitude, the knowledge he needs for sermonizing is so extensive, that breadth, liberality, and absence of self ought to be the natural product of the profession."

The tolerant principles embodied in these articles do credit to the heads and hearts of their writers. May we see many more such; they are far better calculated to bring about a millennium of "peace on earth to men of good will," than the carping at the "horrors of Popery," "Papal tyranny," and "Popish idolatry and superstition" that we see so much of in the *Oberlin Review* and other college papers, month after month, and which, passing, as it does, human endurance, we are so unwillingly dragged in to oppose sometimes. But we have been drawn from our subject. "Ephraim" further says:

"The editorial year which is now closing has been a prosperous one for college journalism. College athletics have attracted less attention than in the days of the inter-collegiate rowing association, and college journalism has now become a well-established and highly-honored feature of student life. The improvement among college journals has been especially rapid during the past year. The old style of literary articles, grown tiresome from their dullness and solidity, is fast disappearing from the college papers. On the other hand, it has been demonstrated that those papers which are devoted entirely to news, and make no pretence to anything further, fail equally to satisfy the demands of student readers. The true standard, as set by the Harvard, Yale and Columbia journals, seems to be a candid and judicious discussion of all matters of college interest, bright and sparkling, humorous and satiric poetry, with an occasional attempt at pathos; short and pointed stories and sketches, such as will be of special interest to collegians; a terse and spicy presentation of college news, a brief epitome of general college news, and a column devoted to the interests of Alumni."

The exchange editor of *The Vassar Miscellany*, commenting upon a criticism condemning the "time-honored lit," and recommending "light, gossipy articles, reflecting the true student life," adds:

"It is certainly an open question whether light, gossipy articles can reflect the life of the true student. There is something incongruous in the notion of a light, gossipy, true student life. On the answer to this question hangs another, as to whether the time-honored lit. has dropped out of the race, or whether it alone remains in."

The last sentence is both pointed and to the point. It contains food for thought for college editors.

Personal.

President Corby was in the Garden City last Monday.

Jno. J. Donovan, '61, is clerk on a wharf boat at Vicksburg.

James F. Ryan is in business on 392 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

Walter and Warren Kain, both of '62, are steamboat clerks at Vicksburg, Miss.

John R. Kain, '62, and H. H. Kain '63, are in the grocery business at Vicksburg, Miss.

Prof. J. A. Lyons, Bro. Stanislaus, C. S. C., and Mr. Eliot Ryder spent last Wednesday in Chicago.

Mr. D. C. Smith, of Adrian, Mich., called at the University last Sunday to see his son, Master D. C. Smith, Preparatory department.

Rev. P. Moran, C. S. C., writes us that he is enjoying good health and passing the time pleasantly among his many friends and acquaintances in the Empire State.

Mrs. J. Taylor, of Chesterton, Ind., accompanied by her little daughter Mabel, spent Tuesday and Wednesday at the University, visiting her son Master W. Taylor, Minim department.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Evansville, Ind., spent a few days at the beginning of the week with their sons, Masters H.

and C. Rose of the Preparatory department, and Master J. Rose, of the Minim department.

Colonel E. A. Otis, U. S. A., and lady arrived here last Monday from Dakota, bringing with them, their two young sons whom they placed in the Minim department. The Colonel and lady, will remain at the University until Commencement.

We see from the *Catholic Mirror* that the Rev. Walter Elliott, who had been a student here in 1858, and previously, has lately been giving missions with great success in Baltimore. There is also an article from his pen in *The Catholic World* for June.

Vincent H. Hackman, of '68, has been taking a tour through Europe for nearly a twelvemonth, travelling through France, Italy, Germany, etc. He has written to Bro. Celestine from Frankfort on the Main, and may for a few weeks be addressed at the Hotel Petersburg in that city. Mr. Hackman says: "This trip has been a revelation to me, and the more I see of Europe, the greater is my admiration; the old castles, palaces, and grand buildings and time-honored ruins can never be forgotten. Business here is very dull in comparison with our country; the people are too much oppressed to permit business to prosper and flourish, and hard times and standing armies are a heavy incubus on the population. Have been in Rome, where I staid thirteen days, and had the pleasure of seeing the Holy Father four times; visited St. Peter's, the Vatican and adjoining buildings several times, and I assure you they are grand beyond description. I spent six weeks in Paris; visited the great Church of Notre Dame, and other prominent places. I consider Paris the finest and most fashionable city in the world; there is no end to gayety and splendor in that beautiful city. . . . I cannot say when I will return home, as I intend to visit Paris and Rome again this summer.

Local Items.

—Soiree to-night, sure.

—No quarter—a twenty-cent piece.

—“Lemon flavors the ‘favorite,’ oh, my!”

—Prepare ye well for the June Examination.

—Something of a wag—the tip of Sancho’s tail.

—Work on the Catalogue has been commenced.

—Another washout—in the lavatory this morning.

—Who will be the orator of the day on the 23d proximo?

—The miser was the first man who refused to give it away.

—The St. Cecilians will give a grand spectacular drama on the 9th inst.

—Ask “Marshal” to give you a short description of his favorite.”

—Three more issues, and then our editorial career shall have terminated.

—The First-Communion boys excursionized to the St. Joe this morning.

—Work is rapidly progressing on the extension to the Academy of Music.

—Molander is said to be the champion “mib” player of the Minim department.

—Charley Ross is confident of carrying away with him the medal for Elocution.

—The *Tribune* Printing Company, of South Bend, struck off last week’s SCHOLASTIC.

—The doors of the Fire Company’s House have been given a coat of green paint.

—Some folks do an enormous amount of hard work in trying to avoid doing anything.

—“Say, boys, I tell you what, that ‘favorite’ is just the thing. So near the livery stable, too.”

—President Corby and Rev. Father O’Keeffe have the thanks of the Staff for favors received.

—Many a young man has become so sick of his business that he has even thrown up his situation.

—Our Rev. Prefect of Discipline received a handsome present from a friend in Illinois, last Monday.

—Professor Ko teaches Chinese at Harvard, but Harvard is not the only college that has a China service.

—Our friend John says it is better to hit the nail on the head twice than to hit the nail on the finger once.

—As the weather grows hot, there comes a startling rumor that last winter's ice crop was ruined by the frost.

—There's no disgrace in being poor. The thing is to keep quiet, and not let your neighbors know anything about it.

—The old kitchen was demolished during the past week to give place to the grand new printing-office to be erected immediately.

—It was Washington Irving who said of a conceited man that whenever he walked toward the west he expected the east to tip up.

—Boys, if you must go hunting, go with a club. It doesn't fill your legs full of shot, nor kill any cows grazing in the next field.

—The Curator of the Museum desires us to express his thanks to Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., for several gold specimens from the Black Hills.

—Masters Francis and Albert Otis, sons of Colonel Otis, of the United States Army, entered as students of the Minim department, during the week.

—“Does it pay to smoke?” What an absurd question! Folks wouldn't pay for the privilege if they could get their cigars for nothing. Eh, *Tribune*?

—Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind., will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, next Wednesday.

—The Misses Monahan and Lovett, of St Joseph's Academy, presided at the piano at Tuesday evening's entertainment, in Good's Opera House.

—Profs. Lyons, Edwards, Devoto; Bros. Leander, and Emmanuel, C. S. C., were present at the entertainment in Good's Opera House, Tuesday evening.

—The members of the Staff attended the entertainment given by the scholars of St. Patrick's parochial school, in Good's Opera House, South Bend, last Tuesday evening.

—To-morrow, Sunday after Ascension, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers of a Confessor, Bishop, page 46; last psalm, *Memento*, p. 19. Hymn at Vespers, *Deus tuorum*. p. 46.

—A game of baseball was played on the afternoon of the 22d inst., between picked nines of the Junior and Senior department, resulting in a score of 13 to 10, in favor of the Juniors.

—The prize which we offered sometime ago to the one sending us the greatest number of personals, local, etc., will consist of a handsomely-bound volume of this year's SCHOLASTIC.

—Don't covet the possessions of any man until you are willing to pay for them the price which he paid; then you will not need to covet them, for you can go and get them for yourself.

—Caution is a good thing for a man to have; but when he has got so much of it that he is afraid to touch a caste-iron lion for fear it will bite, ignorance is what's the matter with him.

—On Society Day, W. Arnold will represent the Thespians; Orrick and Tinley will represent the St. Cecilians, the former the dramatic, and the latter the literary department of the Association.

—Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.

—From off the running rivulet the icy chain is thawed,
And the flutter of the winglet of the dovelot is abroad;
The quacklet of the ducklet in the brooklet we can hear,
And the rootlet of the piglet will presently appear.—*From an old French Almanac.*

—We beg to remind the 479,871 young poets, who are churning out poems on June, that there is a paper mill two miles from this office which pays cash for its stock. We have not quite filled our five-ton measure. Contributions gratefully received.

—Last Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were “Rogation Days,” during which the Church solemnly implored the God of nature to bless the crops, and the rulers of the land, that the former may yield an abundant harvest and the latter rule their subjects wisely and justly.

—Notre Dame now wears her most bewitching smile. Her pretty groves and crystal lakes, her shady walks and rich green lawns, her flower-perfumed atmosphere, and her costly and stately-looking buildings make her one of the most delightful retreats for the seeker after knowledge.

—Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good, does very little; he who wishes to be seen and praised when he is doing good, will not do it long; he who mingles humor and caprice with it, will do it badly; he who only thinks of avoiding faults and reproaches, will never acquire virtues.

—Very Rev. Father General called on the Minims last Tuesday, to find out what they would wish for the dinner. He found their tastes so varied, that he requested each one to write such a bill of fare as would suit himself and send it to him. We have seen some of these bills, and we must say that the Minims who wrote them know the component parts of a first-class banquet.

—The picture of Very Rev. Father General in the Minims' study-hall is certainly very fine. Many who have seen it say that it is one of the best ever taken of him. There is about the picture a pleasing, vivid expression of countenance which well represents Very Rev. Father General's genial disposition. It is a crayon, the work of Brother Albert, and certainly does him credit.

—Quite a number of the Faculty were in attendance at the Entertainment given by the pupils of St Patrick's school in Good's Opera House, last Tuesday evening. The entertainment passed off very pleasantly. Bro. Daniel, under whose supervision it was, and the young actors are to be complimented on the success of their first public exhibition. Bro. Daniel has the thanks of the “Staves” for his kindness in inviting them thereto.

—Our friend John is troubled with dyspepsy. He asked the resident physician for a cure the other day when he received a suspicious-looking phial with the following [to John] hieroglyphic inscription: “This contains the grand, elliptical, Asiatical, panticular, nervous cordial, prepared for phrenetics, dyspeptics, hypocondriacs, pilgarics, poets, pyrotechnists, and monomaniacs. Take three drops in a teaspoonful of water every three hours.” John says that it effected his cure.

—The 25th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held last Thursday evening. The Association was honored with the presence of Mr. Toomey, C. S. C.; Bros. Emmanuel and Amandus, C. S. C. W. Hanavin opened the evening's exercises with an organ solo, which he rendered admirably well. Masters R. Costello and J. Courtney delivered declamations. Masters Snee and Courtney sang a duett. Good songs were also given by Masters Echlin, Campau, and O'Connor.

—Masters Berthelet, Chaves, Haslam, L. Young, J. Kelly, and M. Devitt, Minim department; and McKinnon, Schaefer, Krone, Flynn, and Kennedy, Preparatory department, made their First Holy Communion last Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. We congratulate the young gentlemen, and hope that they may always speak of that day as the happiest one of their lives. This solemn occasion was preceded by a three-days' retreat, as a means of preparing the young communicants for a worthy reception of the Holy Eucharist. A renewal of baptismal vows took place in the afternoon.

—A lively debate took place on a certain platonic subject, in the Class of Ancient History, on Monday afternoon. The debaters were evidently fired with enthusiasm, and brought all their oratorical powers into play. Their stentorian voices reverberated through the lower corridors and aroused more than one indulging in the luxury of a siesta.

We thought we heard the word July used once or twice by a certain individual, who has peculiar ideas about the orthography of some words, and who on this occasion spelt July by substituting the letter Y for J, placing the accent on the last syllable, thus, Yuly.

—To-day I cannot choose but share
The indolence of earth and air;
In listless languor lying,
I see, like thistle-flowers that sail
A-dawn some hazed autumnal vale,
The hours to Lethe flying.

The sand-glass twinkles in the sun;
Unchanged its ceaseless course is run
Through ever-changeful weather—
“Time flies” its motto. ‘Tis no crime,
I think, to pluck the wings of time,
And sleep upon its feathers.

—The science of drainage and sewerage has been all the rage of late, not only in the chief educational institutions throughout the United States, but in cities and private houses as well. We see that the fair dames at St. Mary's Academy have not been willing to be out of the fashion, and so have had their premises overhauled by the plumbing house of A. T. Stephenson & Co., South Bend, Mr. Downes superintending the work, we believe. St. Mary's being on a high and dry hill on the picturesque banks of the St. Joseph, one would think that although the altitude of the stately building invites, or rather defies, the nipping frosts of winter, it would give total immunity from sewer troubles. Perhaps it does; but if it does, the folk there evidently think an ounce of preventative worth a pound of cure; and they are right.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. I. Brown, *J. F. Brown, G. Brehmer, T. E. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. W. Bloom, F. Bell, F. Clarke, G. E. Clarke, D. Claffey, L. F. Calligari, L. Clements, F. Dever, D. Danahy, J. Delaney, D. English, M. Eaton, M. Falvey, W. P. Fishburne, F. J. Garrity, F. M. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, †M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, M. T. Healey, A. Jones, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, Thos. Kavanagh, F. E. Kuhn, J. P. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, W. B. McGorrisk, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McErlain, J. A. McIntyre, J. J. Malone, W. J. McEniry, J. Nash, G. Nester, H. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, E. A. Otis, †J. N. Osher, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, B. H. Polack, W. B. Ratterman, F. J. Rettig, J. Solon, F. C. Smith, H. A. Steis, G. Sugg, H. Simms, W. A. Schofield, R. J. Seeburger, B. F. Smith, A. Thiele, E. G. Taggart, S. P. Terry, C. Van Dusen, W. T. Walsh, J. H. Welch, W. R. Young, E. Yrisarri, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler.

* † Omitted by mistake last week.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, P. Archer, A. A. Brown, J. Bennett, J. Boose, C. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. Barron, M. Bock, G. C. Castanedo, J. A. Casey, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, F. J. Cantwell, H. Dunn, A. Dick, G. W. De Haven, F. H. Dorsel, A. Dennis, N. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, J. Fendrick, A. M. Coglin, J. M. Flynn, R. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, J. Friedman, L. P. Gilbert, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, P. G. Hoffman, T. J. Hurley, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, G. J. Haslam, W. N. Halthusen, F. R. Johnson, A. T. Jackson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Krone, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kollars, G. C. Kipper, Sam Livingston, A. Mendel, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, F. J. McKinnon, M. A. McNulty, A. Malav, J. M. Mohan, J. McGinn, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, C. F. Perry, E. M. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, C. F. Rose, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, H. G. Sells, D. C. Smith, Con Schneider, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, G. Schaefer, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, E. G. Tappan, F. J. Woeber, Guy Woodson, T. Williams, J. W. Whalen, F. W. Wheatley.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

A. J. Van Mourick, J. S. Courtney, W. M. Olds, W. F. Hanavin, R. Costello, D. G. Taylor, P. Yrisarri, C. C. Echlin, T. McGrath, C. E. Droste, J. Moroney, A. J. Campau, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, E. A. Howard, J. F. Nester, J. Ruppe, J. E. Chaves, M. E. Devitt, L. J. Young, F. B. Farrelly, W. T. Berthlet, J. A.

Kelly, D. O'Connor, J. Haslam, H. Metz, G. E. Tourtillotte, W. Taylor, A. G. Molander, W. Thompson, D. L. McCawley, J. H. Dwenger, C. Metz, J. L. Rose, E. B. Bagard, B. Powell, J. McGrath, H. J. Ackerman, J. A. Frain, P. Campau, C. Campau, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, E. McGrath, C. Young, W. J. Miller, A. B. Bender, G. Price, W. Rea.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

W. Gray, R. E. Fleming, G. Castanedo, L. Gibert, C. Rose, J. Courtney, A. Gall, F. H. Grever, C. Rietz, F. Kleine, J. Ruppe, T. Hurley, E. Fischel, F. Fischel, J. McGrath, A. Flynn, M. Herrick, H. Sells, C. Perry, J. Martin, N. Nelson, F. Kuhn, E. Gall, G. Truschel, A. Schiml, F. Kengel, A. Dick, F. Woeber, F. Dorsel, F. Johnson, J. Fendrick, C. McDermott, E. Taggart, E. A. Otis, W. Barron, J. Homan, A. Rohrback, H. Dunn, G. Schaefer, E. Piper, B. F. Smith, W. Brown, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, D. Harrington, F. Gallagher, H. Simms, W. McGorrisk, T. Byrne, J. Guthrie, W. Hoffman, A. Thornton, J. J. Gordon, J. McLaury, C. Murdock, J. Marlett, F. Krone, T. Williams, W. E. Smith, C. Schneider, E. Cullinene, J. Whalen, J. Devitt, G. Haslam, H. Morse, L. Florman, T. Healy, M. Healy, G. Kipper.

—A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think however, that the shot Shott shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago

RAILWAY.

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May 15, 1881. Local and Through Time Table. No. 22.

Going North.	STATIONS.		Going South.
	ARRIVE	LEAVE	
1.45 p.m.	4.20 p.m.	Michigan City, - - -	9.35 a.m. 8.55 p.m.
1.00 "	3.35 "	- La Porte, - - -	10.23 " 8.55 "
12.35 "	3.14 "	- Stillwell, - - -	10.41 " 9.20 "
12.14 a.m.	2.53 "	- Walkerton, - - -	11.00 " 9.42 "
11.42 "	2.23 "	- Plymouth, - - -	11.35 " 10.21 "
10.49 "	1.37 "	- Rochester, - - -	12.27 p.m. 11.20 p.m.
10.12 "	12.51 "	- Denver, - - -	1.06 " 11.57 "
9.50 "	12.30 p.m.	- Peru, - - -	1.45 " 12.25 a.m.
9.23 "	11.50 "	- Bunker Hill, - - -	2.05 " 12.48 "
8.50 "	11.18 "	- Kokomo, - - -	2.40 " 1.30 "
8.09 "	10.41 "	- Tipton, - - -	3.16 " 2.07 "
7.25 "	9.57 "	- Noblesville, - - -	4.00 " 2.48 "
6.25 p.m.	8.50 a.m.	Lv. - Indianapolis, - AR.	5.00 " 3.45 "

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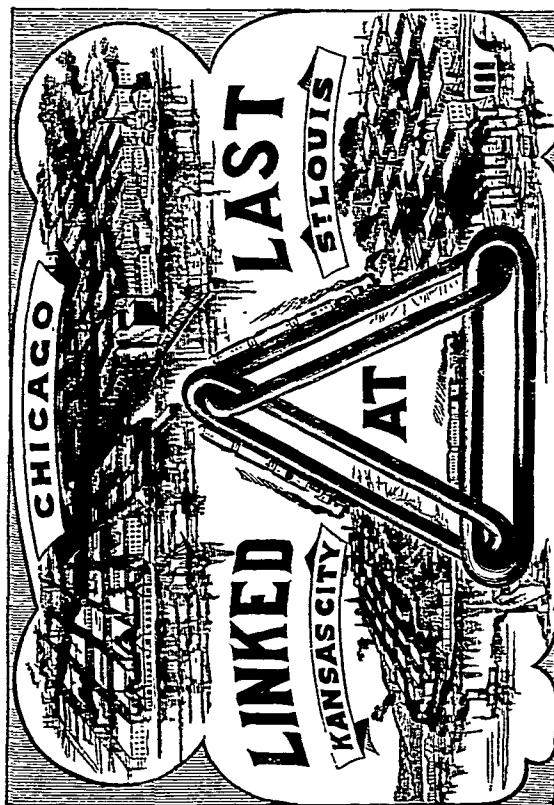
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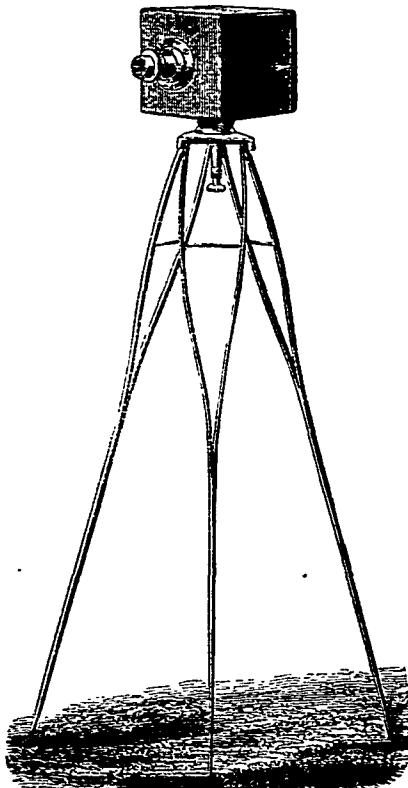
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Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	† Atlantic Express	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m	9 00 a. m	4 00 p. m	5 15 p. m	9 10 p. m
" Mich. City - - -	9 25 "	11 18 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m
" Kalamazoo - - -	12 33 p. m	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	† Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m	9 35 a. m	5 55 p. m	9 50 p. m	8 10 p. m
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m	12 45 a. m.	1 15 "	
" Kalamazoo - - -	1 15 p. m	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	8 30 "
" Mich. City - - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—8 45 a.m.	6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—8 52 "	6 38 "	" N. Dame—7 40 "	4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—7 45 "	4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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FOR 1881.
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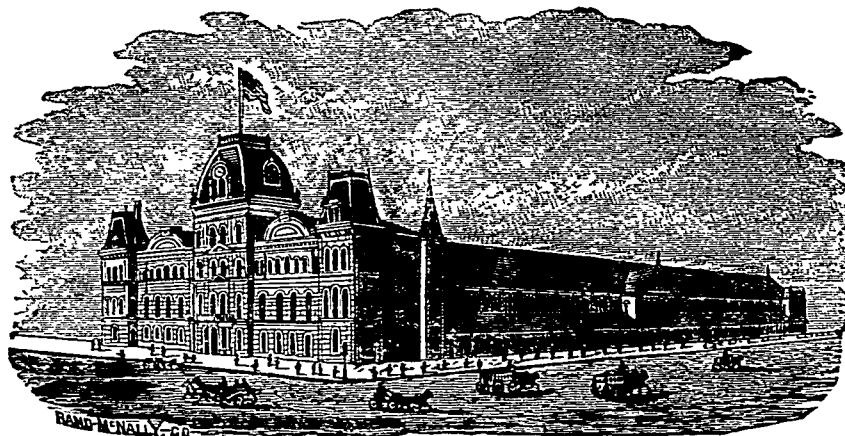
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On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m.
Buffalo, 8.50 p.m.
11.05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.
9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.
12.16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.
Buffalo, 4 a.m.
6.21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.
5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a.m., Chicago 8.20 a.m.
0.93 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.
1.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.
4.50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.	2	4	6	8	20
	MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Atlantic Ex- press.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.
Chicago.....Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing	" 8 09 "	" 9 31 "	" 5 50 "	" 10 56 "
Miller's....."	" 9 10 "	" 12 05 a.m.
Chesterton....."	" 9 32 "	" 12 32 "
Otis....."	" 9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	" 12 52 "
Laporte.....Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "
Laporte.....Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	" 1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend	" 11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	" 2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka	" 11 15 "	9 20 "	" 2 35 "
Elkhart.....Arrive	" 11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	" 3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo....."	" 5 25 p.m.	" 9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland....."	" 4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	" 2 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo....."	" 10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	" 8 15 "	7 40 "
New York....."	7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	" 10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston....."	9 45 "	9 20 "	" 2 40 p.m.

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